
Title: The Unknown Corpse

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It is by sheer luck,
accidental providence and
tireless research that
this tome is born into
existence. Many have seen
the red tombstone of the
unknown corpse. Some
even say it has spoken
to them, telling them to
beware. Yet very little
knowledge of the burial
of this individual survives.
There have been many
theories, to the grave
being that of an old king,
the first gargoyle who
traversed the abyss and
stepped foot on Britannia,
and even some who say
the creature buried there
is of non-sosarian origins.
The truth however, is
both simpler... and more
horrifying.
Among the great an
Ancient order of the
Knights of the Ankh,
from which many of our
institutions, government,
traditions and armies
were formed, rose a
Knight of Terror. While
his name has been lost
to time, there remains
only a few references to
him. He is called the
Forsaken Knight, the
Knight of Terror, the
Burning Knight and the
Fallen Blade. Yet all of
these names fail to paint
the proper picture of
this vile creature.

Once a grand and
virtuous scion of the
Principle of Love, this
Champion of Compassion,

Justice, Sacrifice and Spirituality found himself in an ageless debate with his fellows. As conflict often arises between Knights so did events follow course, only the Knights involved failed to safeguard their tempers, and a young woman was slain. It is unknown if the woman was in fact the wife, daughter or sibling of the Burning Knight, however it is known that the two were within a tower of stone when conflict arose into a battle and the tower caught fire. The blaze claimed the young woman, and too it was thought the Knight as well. Yet through the burning embers, the ashen tresses, and the collapsing tower something burned hotter than the glowing coals. The Hatred of the Knight of Love burned in his chest and from the inside out his body caught fire within his armor. The being that arose from the tower was no longer the Paragon of Love, but the Scion of Hatred. He was called then, the Burning Knight.

The casualties of the Burning Knight were many, it is said that it was his battles which split the Knights of the Ankh into two armies, which later would become the Knights of the Crux Ansata and the Order of the Silver Serpent. This Knight of Terror had a talent for destroying the will of men and pitting friends and brothers against one another. Jealousy burns in the heart of us all, and that harsh truth alone nearly brought the world

of men to an end.

Only through the combined efforts of the two armies of men upon him did the Burning Knight find himself defeated. Yet he could not be killed, his corpse lay broken, yet his bones would arise to continue his hatred, his bones would be broken and turned to dust, and he would arise in true form again as if he had never been touched. Eventually it was decided that his bones, or ashes would be sealed within a seamless coffin separated from his armor. He would then be buried and kept secret so that he would be forgotten.

But, dear reader, I know you seek to ask, that was ages before the moon of Trammel did shine above Britannia! And alas you are correct, the Tomb of the Unknown Corpse could not be that of the burning knight! ...or could it?

Among the Knights of the Crux Anasata were a caste of secret keepers, known only to themselves and the Seers of the Moonstone. Sir Cabrius himself kept safe the Helmet of the Burning Knight, it was thought to be a key to the awakening of the Unknown Corpse. Lord Simeon, kept secret the location of the Corpse itself and is the only Crux Knight known to have left the Underworld after the initial expedition and later return. It is this author's opinion that the body of the Burning Knight was moved to the

implausible grave location
near Cove under the
Trammel moon in order to
keep the secret and
obfuscate the location.

For who would look for
an ancient terror among
new hewn cobblestones,
green grasses and yearling
trees?

The legend states that
should the helmet and the
corpse ever again meet,
the Burning Knight would
again arise and the
armies of men would
again be called to act.
Beware dear reader,
beware! For the devil lays
at your feet, and he is
smiling.